No answer to aff. H. 5-

"MISFORTUNES COME ON WINGS." See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 484. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

330176

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Sept. 11th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Sept. 11th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 28.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 484. Week ending Saturday, September 11th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,250,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for September 4th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 37,641 and A240,247.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Help, Help!

Well over a million and a-quarter now, and still growing! What *is* to be the limit of our circulation? We shall be glad when the munition workers are free to make us some more printing machines!

"Settled" Again!

So once more the coal strike is settled; and the men are laughing at the Munitions Act—and Germany is laughing at us! It is all very pitiful.

John Burns.

Any truth in the rumour that John Burns is putting in for a pension?

Our Campaign.

On Thursday of this week we are having a chat with the dinner-hour crowd in Trafalgar Square, on behalf of the London Battalion of the 2nd Middlesex Regiment, Royal Fusiliers. Don't *all* come; the Square doesn't hold more than half a million! We shall be just back from Weston-super-Mare, Abergavenny, Newport, Porthcawl, and Llanhilleth. Then, next week, we go to Bath, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Leamington, and Worcester. And then we come back to work!

The Zepe.

We are much obliged to Mr. Balfour for having inquired of the Home Office as to the total of Zeppelin casualties to date—and then passing the answer on to us. It was really very good of him—and quite deserved the big headlines on the contents bills. And, of course, we must accept the figures as correct. We say *we must!*

Watch Russia.

Watch Russia.

Postal Trouble Brewing.

What is this we hear of a threatening strike of the Postal Services?

Hurrah! Hereford.

We gather from the *Hereford Journal* that our recent paragraph in regard to the German eagle perched over the doors of the Town Hall has borne good fruit, and that the obnoxious thing has now been removed.

Our War Diary.

To be precise, it is called "JOHN BULL'S Diary of the War," and it covers the whole of the events of the first year of the tragedy. It is a book you cannot put down when once you have taken it up. Try it. And don't forget that if you are not satisfied, you get your shilling back.

***Arabic* Victims.**

Several passengers who lost their money and other possessions by the sinking of this vessel complain that the White Star Line, beyond offering them passages on other boats or the return of their fares, turn a deaf ear to all appeals for anything in the way of compensation. Another case emphasising the difference between law and justice.

Is Haldane Mad?

We really begin to wonder whether Lord Haldane is "all there." Perhaps he left his mental, as well as his "spiritual," home behind him in Berlin. Here he is actually telling us that one of the causes of our unreadiness for the war was that the people were indisposed to "reflect," and that consequently they "would not listen to the few who preached"! And this from the man who scoffed at Lord Roberts and described as "alarmists and scaremongers" all of us who *were* "preaching"! Lock him up.

Excommunicated!

Someone has sent us a copy of a Welsh paper called *Y Brython*, and drawn our attention to the following passage:—

O'n rhan ni, fe ddiaddelom o'r seiat bob Cymro sy'n ymostwng i ddarllen ei bapur—

which, being translated, we are told means, "For our part, we would excommunicate from Church membership every Welshman who stoops to read his (Mr. Bottomley's) paper." For *our* part, we would excommunicate from both Church and Chapel membership anyone who used such language as that we have translated.

Neglect is ofttimes criminal. **See page ii of cover.**

A Troubled Meeting.

"Peacemongers" are endeavouring to disguise their pro-German activities under the form of objecting to Conscription. "Beware of Conscription!" was the big line on the bills announcing a meeting in Hunter Street, Liverpool, when a man came from Glasgow and a woman from Bristol to tell Liverpudlians what they by no means wished to hear. The lady said she was glad to listen to men who said, "I will not go and fight; I will not kill my brother"—but she heard some of the audience indignantly deny such a relationship to a German. The man said we were in the war for military supremacy, and then delicately remarked of France that a French family gave a clean son to the army under conscription, and received him back steeped in infamy. There were soldiers and other good patriots in the hall, and they raised very strong and effective protest against such dangerous teachings. One remarkable feature of the gathering was that the creatures who convened it sang "God Save the King!" the whole time they were doing their best for the enemy. Better service for the King was done by citizens of Liverpool who spoke their mind to the platform orators, letting them know they would not tolerate the appeal for premature peace, and the doctrine that Britain must humble herself in the dust.

A Cake for Banbury.

Banbury, justly celebrated for its delicious pastries, is to have another sweet thing of its own. Mr. "Smith" is coming to the town to be its curate, and we wish it joy of its acquisition. Mr. "Smith" has been attached to the church of St. Paul's, Ramsgate, but he was not known there until quite lately in that name; he used to own up to the more significant designation of Mr. L. P. Schmidt. But the Vicar of that church, in his magazine for September, states the cause of this sudden change so clearly that we may as well quote his words: "The Rev. L. P. Schmidt, before leaving for his new sphere of work at Banbury, has found it advisable to turn his name into English, and become the Rev. L. P. Smith. . . . He has done this very reluctantly, as he has naturally family associations with his original name." That last little touch about the sorrow of parting with his family cognomen suggests that Mr. "Smith" only relinquishes this portion of his Teutonic attributes with a violent effort. But it was "advisable"; the thing had to be done, because, strangely enough, German names are suspect now in this country. Banbury will, no doubt, appreciate the fact that the reverend gentleman changed his label before coming to it.

Registration Rudeness.

Some people at Blackpool, not wealthy, feel that, though their little home is unpretentious, they should not for that reason be subjected to impudence and insult at the hands of a "gentleman" temporarily occupying a semi-official position. These people had filled up five registration forms and, as was within their rights, they placed two of the forms in envelopes for delivery to the collector. When that jack-in-office called, he cried, "Ha-ha! Ridiculous! Fancy putting them in envelopes!" The lady remarked that it was quite in order to do so, and the fellow retorted, "But, oh, it's ridiculous!" He then deliberately tore the offending envelopes open, threw them down at the door, and read aloud, there in the public street, the names and full descriptions of all the five persons in the establishment. We suppose there is no remedy for a case of such flagrant rudeness and calculated insult, for, if there had been a gentleman present to punch the head of the collector, he would probably have been heavily punished for treating the man as he deserved.

Johanna.

It seems there is a man with "long hair and long talk" who holds forth in Hyde Park concerning the late-lamented Johanna Southcott, and who, we hear, "publicly declared that JOHN BULL had never said anything about Germany or the war, except what they had gleaned (copied) from Johanna Southcott's works." Unfortunately, perhaps, the lady has never vouchsafed us any inspiration. We believe she was an artful person who was impious enough to assert that, through her, there would be a second Miraculous Birth, and a lot of credulous fools actually subscribed sufficient money for the purchase of a silver cradle for the Holy Infant. We know she is buried in the green graveyard of St. John's Wood Chapel; you may see the headstone by the railings in Wellington Road. And she was either a crazy fanatic or a blasphemous impostor—probably something of both. But we have not infringed her copyright. We have neither gleaned nor copied from her "works." And we do not propose to. The wonderful thing is that believers in her are still to be found.

A Silly Tract.

A very stupid tract, headed "The Great War," has little to say upon that subject, but its second title, "What are we doing to help our Armies to be victorious?" does meet with some consideration, but not much. The compiler of the tract, Mr. J. C. Allsopp, West Bridgford, Notts, has industriously put together three pages of print, consisting mainly of Biblical extracts. The few lines of original matter merely hint that we might "help the Armies to win" if we "kept the Sabbath" by not buying Sunday papers, and by not patronising "trams and other vehicles for hire." That seems all that is necessary; we should desist from "working ourselves or causing others to work on the Sabbath day." Now, if Mr. Allsopp will cross into Flanders and persuade the Germans not to fight on a Sunday, he would be doing something to "help the Army."

From "Splendid Bedfordshire."

The Bedfordshire police would be doing a gracious act by listening to the plea of the village of Flitwick, a patriotic little corner with a raw spot. It is like this. There is a young man there of German descent, and we are informed that he possess a motor-cycle, and travels thereon where he lists and when he lists. The police might inquire whether too much latitude is not granted to a man who gloats over the reports of a German success, who celebrated the fall of Warsaw by a step-dance, and who greets a train-load of our noble wounded with the cruel, laughing taunt, "See what the Germans have done for you!" Flitwick has given its sons to the war, and some of those sons have given their lives, and the village is angry when insult is poured upon its most sacred feelings. For this reason—and for other reasons—cannot the Bedfordshire police recommend a change of air to the person indicated?

Milk-o!

Do not be surprised if your milk costs you sixpence a quart next winter. Delegates of dairy farmers from the whole of the kingdom are meeting to fix wholesale prices for the next twelve months' contracts, and it is on the cards that the figure decided upon will be 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. per gallon—and that, to all intents and purposes, will mean fourpence a quart wholesale. The average cost of retailing is a little over 1½d. a quart, so the consumer will probably have to pay 6d. at the door, and must grin—on the wrong side of the mouth—and bear it. There is absolutely no justification for such an increase, and no excuse except the greed that is inseparable from the activities of a Trust.

The Pen of perfection is the "John Bull" Pen.

A Stick-Wagger.

In the pages of a little magazine devoted to music there is a long account of the life and works—some of them—of a gentleman named Hugh S. Roberton, who is, we discover by diligent perusal, the conductor of a choir in Glasgow. In the course of the article occurs a passage which might interest musical readers, for they may be able to fathom its meaning in connection with the divine art:—"In sizing up other musicians he is more alert. Recently the conductor came to him to ask his opinion why a certain choir, having thoroughly learnt the notes of a competition piece, could not portray the spirit of it. 'The reason,' said Mr. Roberton 'is sticking out of your pocket. Stop reading JOHN BULL.' Whatever the reason, the choir now does well." It gladdens us to hear the choir is doing well, but it puzzles us to comprehend why it could not "portray the spirit" because the conductor read us. The remark of Mr. Roberton may have been intended as a rebuke, as musicianly advice, or as wit; its purport may perhaps be made clear if the words are read backward or upside-down—as they stand we can make nothing of them. But another passage in the article throws light on the subject:—"He cannot keep it to himself, and it bubbles forth in the street and the house, in the car and the shop, and he has to be brought down to mundane surroundings by a slap on the back." That was it—he was "bubbling," and waiting to be slapped.

A New Cruelty.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast; the brutality of the other kind of person makes one wonder how much of a man's nature his carcase contains. Huddersfield Police Court produced something new in the way of cruelty, when a teamster named Cliffe was summoned for ill-treating a mare, and a carting agent named Dransfield was charged with causing the thing to be done. An Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. was on duty at the gasworks. Dransfield and some of his men saw him, and Cliffe left the place in a hurry that was suspicious. The Inspector, following, found him taking the mare out of a waggon, evidently intending to be artful enough to get it back into the stables, or to pretend it had not been worked. But there was 24 cwt. of coal in the waggon to which it had been attached. The poor animal was suffering from injuries to a shoulder and a leg; there was "a large gash in one leg." When it is understood that these wounds—one, at least, open—were caused by the bursting of a bottle of vitriol, the horror of the case can be realised. To harness a mare with a hole in its flesh burnt open by vitriol seems like the doing of a fiend, but the men who were guilty got off with a fleabite of punishment—20s. fine for the master, and 10s. for the man. Cruelty is cheap in Huddersfield.

An Ugly Episode.

We lately ventured the opinion that, in regard to the pacification of South Africa, General Botha had still a long row to hoe. Here is a sample of the kind of thing we mean. Among the rebel leaders lately released from gaol was Mr. Brand Wessels, of Bethlehem, in the Orange Free State, a Member of the Legislative Assembly. According to the *Natal Witness*, Mr. Wessels was "escorted into town, after his release from prison, by a large body of his supporters. The procession made its way to the Town Hall, where Wessels was presented with an address of welcome. The member was received with considerable enthusiasm." Incidents of this nature are apt to shake one's faith in the policy of clemency towards the rebel leaders, favoured by the South African Government. There are ugly portents upon the horizon of the back veldt, despite all the good news about the German Colony.

Polish.

"Pyn-ka," which used to bear a label stating that it was made in Germany, was once served out to soldiers for polishing purposes, and they did not care to use the stuff because of its avowed origin. Since then, the label has been altered, the mark of the beast has disappeared, and Pyn-ka advertises it "is British" and is "manufactured in England." We have asked Messrs. King, Sons, and Co., of Bristol, the apparent proprietors, to favour us with particulars of this change of nationality, and we regret that this polite inquiry of ours is spoken of as "incorrect and ignorant comments"—by Messrs. Hargreaves, Bros., and Co., Ltd., of Hull. So the mystery deepens, for this firm states: "The journal referred to"—our worthy selves—"has apparently no knowledge of the fact that we are connected with K. S. and Co., and there is no reason why we should make a present to them of this fact." However, this priceless knowledge, guarded heretofore with such stupendous secrecy, is now ours, and we suggest that, as there seem to be two firms running Pyn-ka, one of them might be courteous enough to supply the information for which we have asked. We note, meanwhile, that, "After careful consideration, the directors" (of Hargreaves, Bros., and Co., Ltd.) "have decided, from this date, to withdraw the promise made to our workpeople in August last with regard to allowances made to dependents of those who have enlisted." So British, you know!

Landlord and Tenant.

A benevolent Tottenham landlord has been worried in his mind ever since last December, because he hated to think of making his tenants pay for the increased income tax on his property. But there was little use in postponing the evil day; the dreadful thing had to be done at last, so Mr. Tenant was informed by letter that his rent was "up" one shilling a week, as he, Mr. Landlord, was "obliged to recoup himself for this extra outlay." And he said, "I wish you to note that I shall not benefit anything from this, but shall have to pay it away in extra income tax and local rates." If he gets a shilling a week, at the least, from each tenant of his, he will probably be making more money than he pays away in fresh taxation. But the amusing point in this piece of extortion is the calm way that a landlord assumes that somebody else must pay his dues for him. Extra income tax is imposed by Government on the person owning the income; the purpose of the State is immediately nullified by the liability being passed on to poor people who are already paying their own taxes. In the present case, the notice happens to be addressed to a tenant who holds an agreement that does not expire till 1916, and who, instead of paying the extra shilling, may apply his fingers to his nose in the outspread fashion known as a Queen Anne's fan.

An Outspoken Parson.

The Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury New Park, is a man who has the habit of speaking his mind, and it is refreshing to note that he speaks on the right side. He seems a strong man as a parson, the kind of clergyman likely to be of good influence out of the pulpit as well as in it. He does not approve of politicians when they are only that and nothing else—"those in high places, and they are all politicians still, not leaders of men, very commonplace, very mediocre, very pleasant, amiable gentlemen, full of the dignity of office, a pack for the most part of very little men in a very big situation." We are afraid the present Government, if the Rev. Mr. Griffiths continues to talk like that, will never offer him a bishopric. He reminds us of our own views when he says the Empire "is not closed for repairs—it is busy stock-taking." He must join us.

Selling like hot cakes—"John Bull's" Diary of the War. 1s. nett.

The Rear Light.

Two gentlemen of Cambridgeshire, proudly doing their duty as good citizens in the Special Constabulary, patrolled after nightfall the lonely road that led to Lynn. With their eagle eyes alert to discover possible disturbers of the King's peace, they duly noted the approach of a motor-car. What is more, they noted that the car possessed no rear light. Here was a distinct breach of the law as laid down for the guidance of Cambridge folk, so our two doughty Specials promptly called upon the occupants of the car to stop. But they stopped not. Mocking the double voice of authority, they sped forward on their law-breaking way, with Nemesis—a dual Nemesis—hot upon the track of their tyres. What we mean to say is that the constables ran after the car. It stopped, "near the Cannon," and the occupants were at once recognised by lynx eyes. They were "a well-known local bank manager," and—a local Superintendent of the Police! Here was a pretty kettle of fish! But what a golden opportunity for even-handed Justice to prove her incorruptibility! Our good friends the Specials made their proper report of a breach of the law, and they have made several inquiries since at the Police Station, waiting for the issue of summonses against that manager and that Superintendent. And, up to now, that is all—they are still waiting. Nothing has been done, no steps taken. The question is, When will proceedings commence—"this year, next year, sometime, never"? We can guess the answer.

From County Tyrone.

There was an eviction in Pomeroy, County Tyrone, so of course there was a fight. One man got a punch on the eye, and the sergeant of police, on his behalf, took the case into Court. But the good fellow did not want the defendant punished—not he. First of all, he had apologised, and he wouldn't have done it at all, at all, except that "the man had a good deal of drink taken." So they bound the man over to be of good behaviour for twelve months, if he doesn't mind, and all is gay and jovial in Pomeroy, County Tyrone. Except the defendant, and he has a grievance that rankles, and he wants us to set him right in the eye of the public—"Because," he says, "it is false to say he had a drink taken. The sergeant knows he was working at the time." We believe him every time, every word of it. He had not a good deal of drink taken, and he was work doing, and it is the sergeant's knowing, it is. And for twelve months he will be the peace keeping, and may the time not seem long! And our regards to Pomeroy it is, and to County Tyrone and the boys, all of them, not any barring!

Tea-Time.

A gentleman of Plymouth had a quaint experience well worth re-telling. He found, one day, that he required a postal order. There is nothing strange in that; we all want postal orders now and then—for "Bullets," for instance. Well, the gentleman dispatched a boy for the needful item, and the boy duly visited the General Post Office, and he duly returned, with—not the postal order, but this message: "You must send round again in half-an-hour, as the young man who sells postal orders is having his tea." And that happened, remember, at the General Post Office in Plymouth, and we learn that it has happened more than once. We shall next hear, perhaps, of Admiral Somebody rushing into that P.O. to telegraph to the Admiralty that the German Fleet is in sight, and being met with the polite intimation, "You must come back later, because the young man who works the telegraph is playing a game of bowls on the Hoe"!

The Soldier's Cough.

A soldier lad, one of the Leicesters, was home on short leave in the little village of Trewern, near Welshpool. He had come unscathed through the battle of Neuve Chapelle, where the Leicesters covered themselves with glory, but bronchitis had caught him in the trenches, and, though he had been in hospital, he still had a racking cough. It was his only Sunday at home, at pleasant Trewern, and he wanted to go to the little church, the place he had known from earliest childhood. But he thought of that cough of his; would not the Vicar object to it, if he could not keep it in? His people and his friends scorned the notion; who would feel annoyed if a cough should come from a gallant young soldier, an invalid, a parishioner—almost a boy—in his own church? So he went to the old, familiar place of worship, and he fought with his affliction, choking it down, until—he was fain to cough, twice. The first time, the Vicar glared at him. The second time, that Vicar, the Rev. John Jenkins, called out, "in loud, peremptory tones, 'Stop that!'" And the soldier, knowing it was probably beyond his power to "stop it," however much he might try, got quietly up from his seat, and left the church, very distressed, and hurt to the soul. He certainly showed himself the better gentleman of the two. We are not surprised to hear that the sympathy of the entire neighbourhood is on the side of the soldier, who has now taken his cough away from Trewern Church to the front again.

Saints and Pagans.

A chapel meeting and a recruiting meeting happened to be held in Cardigan on the same evening. Reference to this was made by the Rev. Dr. Moelwyn Hughes on the following Sunday in his chapel, and he exclaimed, "Eighteen saints in the society meeting, and the Pavilion full of pagans!" Now the recruiting meeting was addressed by two ministers, one belonging to the same sect as this Dr. Hughes, who branded them as pagans—infidels and idolators—because they joined in a great national movement and lined themselves side by side with soldiers, and with the brothers and fathers, mothers and wives, of men standing up for the defence of their country. The Doctor and his saints had a little obscure pow-wow all to themselves; the saintliness they claimed for themselves would have shone forth more brilliantly had they gone across to the Pavilion and joined in the better work. If this suggestion goes against the grain, let Dr. Hughes at least be civil; rudeness does not come well from a saint, even when he puts on his own halo.

Mr. Coroner.

A coroner is king in his own Court, and often does he stand upon his dignity. The Borough Coroner of Bournemouth (Mr. Lefroy) held an inquest on a young lad, run over by a motor-lorry, and he flatly refused to allow the father to ask a question. There was no imputation against the driver of the lorry, who was going very slowly—about two miles an hour—when the bicycle skidded and the lad was flung in front of his wheels. But there was a question whether the skid was caused by excessive watering of the road, or by the fact that the tram-lines were an inch or more higher than the road surface. The Coroner refused to hear any evidence on the point, but a very sensible jury returned a verdict to the effect that the accident was "caused by excessive watering of the roads, coupled with the fact that the guard-rail was much above the level of the road." The case is of interest to cyclists, and it is also interesting because the Borough Coroner was obliged to accept a verdict that amounted to a condemnation of the Borough.

Give your "Jack" or "Tommy" a "John Bull" Fountain Pen.

Cruel Animal Trainers.

The case of "Professor" Leonidas, convicted of cruelty to a cat and fined, with costs, £13 5s., re-opens the question of performances on the stage by animals. This Greek brute, who had been twice previously convicted, used to stretch the cat across the backs of two chairs, and set dogs to jump over it. Sometimes the cat was knocked over by a dog, nearly all touched it in jumping, and it was terrified and suffered acutely. It is seldom that cruelty actually occurs on the stage; the cruelty is done during the training, but the animals are often cowed and trembling during the performance. Brutality in front of the audience is usually absent, but there was a flagrant instance once at a West-end hall. A troupe of dancing dogs appeared, and their antics were so ludicrous that the house rocked with laughter. The showman—a foreigner—thought he had made a huge success; but the humble stage-hands—all honour to them—went straight to their manager and said they would never set the scene again, because those dancing dogs were strung on wires, wholly invisible to the audience, and their comic antics were produced by painful jerks. It was a wickedly cruel show, and the man never again appeared in this country. We tell the story now, for the first time, to prove that stage-hands can do much to prevent cruelty when it happens on the stage. What a brutal trainer does at home in secret is another matter.

Running up the Rent.

A foreman spinner, employed by a firm at Horsforth and working largely on Government orders, found it essential that he should reside near his work. He occupied premises at a rental of 5s. a week, and, for some reason unknown to himself, received notice to quit. He was unable to find another house, and notice was served increasing the rent to 10s. A fortnight later the terms were again put up, and 15s. weekly was the cash demanded for the privilege of residing within those four walls. It is not surprising that he was not in a hurry to be skinned of such a sum, so he let the extortionate rent run for two weeks, and the case went to the Leeds West Riding Court on an application to put the brokers in for the sum of 30s. In the present state of the law of landlord and tenant, the steps taken were quite legal, and the man had no defence—he was a trespasser. But the argument urged in support of the application was an extraordinary one: "If the man's services were so valuable to his employers, the house was worth 15s. a week to him"! This, in other and plainer words, means, "We have got the man cornered; run up his rent"! And the application for "distress" was granted, as a matter of course. The man's own "distress" was somebody's opportunity to bleed him.

Against Vinophobia.

It is not often that we find anything attractive in a "tract," but a little penny book on "The Truth about Total Abstinence" formed an agreeable exception. It looked so like the ordinary futile thing, in its shape and get-up, that we handled it gingerly, and began to read distrustfully. But it turned out to be a closely-reasoned tackling of the tectotalers on their own ground, considering the question from a Biblical point of view, and making out a good case from the words of the Book itself. We do not care to discuss the religious aspect of the matter here, but it is interesting to get the writer's view that the "pledge" is a trick of Satan, retained by few except those who have no reason for taking it! And this little tract quotes "chapter and verse" on behalf of the case for the use, but not the abuse, of good drink.

Attendants and Doctors.

When the Derry Asylum Board, with Mr. Barrie, M.P., in the chair, met for business, they found in waiting twenty-one young men of military age, who were applicants for the post of asylum-attendant. Mr. Barrie promptly suggested that none of them be appointed, but that a fresh advertisement be circulated, offering the vacancies to men over military age. And he addressed those twenty-one young fellows, telling them "Your country needs you, your womenfolk need you, and your home calls for you to render your obvious duty, and we would say to you in all friendship, 'Do your duty, and do it now!'" But they declined, even though interviewed on the spot by the recruiting captain. Not one responded to the appeal, and the Chairman said they had come to the asylum to escape their duty. Then the Board granted the request of Dr. John Watson, Senior Assistant Medical Officer, who wanted leave to volunteer for the R.A.M.C. And Dr. Hetherington, the head doctor, though getting on in years and in bad health, said the work would be got through all right—he would do his bit, so that his colleague might go and do his. It was a fine example for those twenty-one young men—and what a pity that it was without effect!

Throgmorton Street.

One of those societies that persist in unnecessary labours at large expense, the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, had a meeting at Sheffield, and the Rev. Isidor Gelbflaum—a fine old British name, that!—held forth. He wants converted Jews to found a new Zion, in Egypt. He wants good Jews there, and English Jews, he said, if they had any vices, got them from the English. His reasoning is difficult to follow, but he spoke quite plainly when he said it would "be bad for Palestine" if the Jews returned "with the morality of the Stock Exchange." We think there are worse sinners than the men of the Stock Exchange, who, as a rule, are the best of good fellows. They are certainly hard to beat for charity and strong, sterling patriotism. To put it very plainly, we would sooner trust to the "morality" of a stockbroker than to that of a "converted" Jew.

Germans in Guernsey.

Long before the mainland authorities had unclosed one eye to their responsibilities in regard to enemy aliens, the powers that be in the Channel Islands had taken effective steps to circumvent the Teuton in their midst, and even now the Government might well take a leaf or two from the book of the southern isles. In Guernsey, for instance, a complete list of resident enemy aliens who have escaped internment is published in the local press, with addresses and particulars of their occupation, so that, henceforth, when the merry crew take their walks abroad, they will have the exquisite felicity of knowing that they are sedulously observed. A sound scheme, that, for Huns on "ticket of leave."

Naturalised Enemies.

Is it pure coincidence that so many of the seaside hotel-keepers, who have lately been charged with failure to obscure lights, are the bearers of Teutonic names? In the case of Charles Edward Krause, licensee of the Manchester Hotel, George Street, Hull, to which we have previously referred, it was freely admitted that the defendant was a German, naturalised in this country four years ago. But why is a man with the antecedents of Krause permitted to reside upon the East Coast? In our judgment, Germans naturalised within the last ten years should be treated as enemy aliens.

The pleasant way to make money—try "Bullets."

BLOOD WILL TELL.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE—THE "MASSES" AND THE "CLASSES."

When we were very young, we used to attend Debating Societies and Local Parliaments, and let our hair grow long, and carry a book under our arm, and write essays about the Equality of Man, and "Government of the People, For the People, By the People"; and we used to declare that "The world is my country; mankind are my brethren." Of course, we hadn't seen much of the "world" in those days—or of our "brethren"—but we were very earnest about it all, and had nothing but pity or contempt for those who ventured to question the soundness of our altruistic cosmopolitan faith. And we were wont to "give" recitations—always selecting verses which emphasised the true gospel, according to our lights; and we remember that we were especially fond of that one which ends with a reference to the time "when the war drum beats no longer, and the battle flag is furled, in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." It seemed so well and sounded so lovely that we were certain it was the right thing to say—and thereby a story; a story of our awakening. It was at one of those recitation functions that, for the first time, we heard some verses of a totally different character. They were entitled "The Dandy Fifth," and they told how the "dudes" with the "Piccadilly window in their eye," as we used to sing, held a fort for days without food or drink, and fought like very devils and saved the day. It was a new thing to us—we couldn't quite grasp it. And then, whilst we were still pondering the strange legend, and wondering whether it really did contain a germ of truth, something else happened. We were being driven in an old "growler" up Ludgate Hill. The road was very slippery and the cab was well filled with heavy luggage and "fares"; and every now and again the poor horse would stumble and half stop—to respond gamely to the whip of the unsentimental Jehu on the box. We put our head out of the window and pleaded for mercy for the beast. How well we remember the reply—"It's all right, sir—*he's a blood 'un.*" And that and the Dandy Fifth poem set us thinking again; and although we subsequently "stood," and sat, as a "Democrat," and once even as a "Radical," we always had, at the back of our head, the recollection of those two early experiences—which had left a kind of notion in our mind that, after all, there *might* be something in blood and breed.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS CONFIRMED.

And then, as time went on, we became interested in the equine and canine worlds—and that rather confirmed us in our heresy. The thoroughbred—whether horse or dog—was always a "gentleman"—so different in every way from the half-bred; so gentle, yet so resolute and courageous. And again we thought of the old cabby and of the Dandy Fifth. Then came this war—and that settled it! If ever we doubted the truth of the old motto—*Noblesse oblige*—that day is gone. The aristocracy of Britain has done gloriously in this hour of our country's trial. No need of recruiting officers to bring *it* to the flag! God, how it has rallied! How it has fought! How it has fallen! Is there a "noble house" in all the land which is not to-day in mourning? Eldest sons, second sons, brothers—they are all there, either fighting in the trenches, or the Dardanelles, or on the seas. Yes, so is Tommy, we know. But he will be the first to admit that he has been fortified and inspired by the example of his young officers, and his fellow private, of noble birth. Tommy knows blue blood when he sees it—and he has seen much of it flowing on the field of battle during the past twelve months Have you studied the Casualty Lists? Have you visualised the vigorous, heroic beauty of sacrifice which the story tells—of young lives of heirs to great estate and heritage given to our cause? It is well we should remember that the peer is paying toll not less willingly—aye, truth to tell, even more willingly than the peasant. Yes, blood *will* tell.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Just take this illustration. The other day we saw the members of the much-maligned House of Lords resolutely declining to pass a motion to authorise a Return of its members and heirs fighting side by side—fighting and winning—fighting and falling—in a year's agony and bloody sweat. But you must not tell the true aristocrat about it; for to be praised for doing their duty is to men of breed an insult. Still, the lesson is illuminating. Consider for a moment the numerical discrepancy between the Commons and the Peers, and then take, at random, the names of killed or wounded from the ranks of the "idle rich." And who will say that they have not done nobly by the country? Remember that the true aristocracy is of feudal origin, and rests mainly on a military foundation. Thus, many of the gallant young officers who led their men to glory, and inspired them to heroism, at Mons, at the Marne, at Ypres, at Neuve Chapelle, at Gallipoli, were the lineal descendants of those who fought, and fell, at Waterloo, at Blenheim, at Ramillies—at Crecy, and at Poictiers. Yes, blood *will* tell! That is an axiom nearly as old as our hills, and it stands upon as firm a basis. Blood is not the outcome of accident; it is the product of breeding by selection, and it applies to nearly every form of life—human, equine, bovine, hoofed and feathered. A well-bred man may, through incautious crossing of strains, develop many vices, as he is sure to have in him many latent virtues; but, except in very rare cases, the "well bred 'un" cannot be a cur; his blood won't let him be one. He may kick over the traces in a score of ways; but when the guns begin to boom, he is the first to rally to the flag. It has always been so; it will

always be. This war has set its seal on the grand old truth. The well-bred 'uns, even those who did not know how to live, have known how to die.

Lessons from Nature.

Wise men who know the world have throughout the ages recognised the potency of "blood." Nature has recognised its principle as the fundamental groundwork of ultimate success, and Nature is a good guide in most things. In the rutting season, when the call of nature warns the buck and doe that the time is near for the propagation of a new generation of the species, they do not mate in indiscriminate haste. The buck has to prove his blood. He has not long to wait. Over moss and fen, across lakes and glens, from some bold mountain top comes a challenge from a rival. None who have ever heard it can forget that note of anger and defiance. It is a blending of the sex note and the battle note; it rings high and clear, like a clarion call; it sinks low and deep until it sounds almost like the bay of a bloodhound breaking from the leash. It means a fight to a finish, the mastery of the harem, the fathering of the species—or death. As that sound rings through the woodlands, the buck in possession springs to attention, as if he had heard the baying of a wolf-pack; the next moment he is out in the open, head up, mouth agape, nostrils expanding, eyes blazing, all four hoofs planted firmly in the turf; his flanks draw in and expand, and out rolls his answer to the challenge. Then comes the fight. One is slain if he is game, but lacking in skill or strength; if he is a craven he is driven off, and the does, as is the way with the sex, crowd round the conqueror, and he takes toll for his bravery in a love feast—and the next crop of young ones are the progeny of the brave. So nature proves her faith in the efficacy of "blood." Is man less than a buck? All our old families were founded upon the same principle; they won their prestige in their country's wars, and took the pick of the dainty damozels who crowded round them. Othello was not the only man who loved a maid because she pitied his wounds, nor Ophelia the only fair lady who wooed a man with her eyes because of the scars he had won in war. There is a lot of the clean-living, lordly buck in our old nobility, and a good deal of the gentle purity of the does in the sisterhood, who now, as of old time, love a fighter who fights when honour calls, and then fights to the death.

The Wolf Clan.

Even the wolf, half dog and half devil as he is, is an exponent of nature's faith in blood and breeding. Follow a pack in the wilds in the mating season; watch how the young and lusty ladies pick their mates. The old and nearly worn-out she-wolves take what they can get—the immature pup, or the fangless old dog-wolf: the pick and pride of the pack go to the young and virile, and they fight for mastery in mateship with fangs that rip to the bone; the boldest and bravest get the love feast. Many ambitious and strong ones are killed; two classes survive—the leaders and those born to be led, and each propagates its kind. Only the very best of the ladies live through the ordeal, for those nearly as good as the best will not yield pride of place whilst there is life in them, and so they go down—they are out and ended. They have taken their chance, and have met something a little better, a little more skilful, or courageous, or enterprising than themselves, and have paid the price. This superiority does not come by accident to the wolf who leads the pack. For generations, for ages, his blood has been brewed for him by sires and dams who in their turn have had to battle for mastery; the best goes to the best. Are men less than wolves? The blood of a real British aristocrat came to him much in the same way. He proved himself great in his day and generation, and he had the pick of the women of the land to mate with.

The Horse-Breeder Knows.

Who knows better than the horse-breeder the value of blood? Strains have been created, and he who breeds true to strain is seldom disappointed. If you want something to pull a plough, you don't breed from racing stock to get it; you go to the Suffolk punch or some kindred strain, and if you want to win the Grand National you don't breed from a cob. All good strains are useful in their place, but the pride of place belongs to the equine beauties that carry silk. They will struggle on till the great heart bursts. That is blood, and nothing but blood. Are men less than horses? If only we took as much trouble in the breeding of our men and women as we do in breeding our horses, we should soon be a race of demi-gods, and the earth would be our footstool. If a jack-donkey takes a fancy to a blood mare browsing in a field, we do not let them mate; we know we can't win races with a mule. But amongst our human kind we are not so careful; the human donkey, regardless of the fitness of things, talks of "love," and the lady listens; the result of the mateship is neither a good workman nor a clean gentleman—but a mule in trousers. Sometimes, very often, the human donkey has a saddle-bag full of sovereigns, and that accounts for the lady's "yea"; but where the strains have been kept pure, where the fittest have mated with the best for centuries, what a breed has been handed down to us, and how nobly they are proving their right of leadership!

Tommy and "Blood."

Now, any old soldier will tell you that "Tommy dearly loves a lord"; but he loves him to-day in a way altogether different from that of the old days. They both understand each other now; and just as Tommy recognises the worth of "blood," so, too, the aristocrat acknowledges that without the brawn even it is not of much use in the great things of life. Blood and Brawn—they are the two primary essentials of the human race—and with Brains thrown in, they can accomplish anything. To-day, however, we are concerned with "blood," and Tommy will not misunderstand our appreciation of its value. Indeed, every week we receive letters of tribute from Tommy to his officers, and other evidences of the new spirit now uniting all classes in the field. Here is an extract from one of them: "There can be no more 'masses' and 'classes' business. We are all one now. Peers have died to save Privates. Privates have died to save Peers. We are all sons of Mother Britain—so henceforth we will be brothers." *That's* it—no more class hatred; no more "Limehousing." If only *that* result is achieved, the war will not have been in vain.

THE TERRIBLE REVENGE.

DEVILS OF THE DARDANELLES—NO MERCY FOR THE FOE.

BY A. G. HALES.

From all quarters news is filtering through that must fill the British public with grave uneasiness. The same story comes from land and sea, from East and West. It is an open secret that our foes have used, are using, and will continue to use any and every kind of device that devilment can suggest, in order to achieve victory, whilst the paper-legged party in our midst insist upon our soldiers and sailors playing the game strictly in accordance with the rules. The "paper-legged party" is that section of wire pullers who made this war possible by refusing to prepare for it. They, more than anyone or anything else, brought us into this wallow of blood and death, and now, instead of trying to bring the bloody game to a swift ending at as little cost to our brave fellows as possible, they are insisting on the "kid-glove" game, and are whimpering about what posterity will say of us. Damn posterity, and damn the paper-legs also! What we want is a fight on fighting lines; the kid glove for the ball-room, but the bunched-up fist for the fray; and if we don't alter our present tactics, and give our lads a fair and honest chance, our death roll is going to grow to enormous proportions. They are hiding our maimed and crippled men away from the public gaze, these flabby weaklings; they do not want the public to know the real price the nation is paying from day to day, week to week, month to month. So the maimed heroes, the armless and the legless men, are hidden away in odd corners, lest the temper of the nation should be roused against the crew who will not let our men do to the Germans what the Germans are doing to them. How much longer is the British nation going to sit still, and permit this jellyfish breed to rule the roost? The nation needs a man with a hand of iron, a man who cares no more about posterity than that it shall record the fact that in 1916 the Germanic empire was crushed to cinders.

WHO IS CODDLING OUR FLEET?

Our Navy was never manned as it is to-day; we never in all our history owned sailors and officers like those who man our ships; they are aching for a fight. "If the foe won't come out to us, why not let us go in after him?" they ask, and they are right; but the "paper-legs" say, "No, we must save our ships," forgetting that it is often cheaper to lose a war-ship than to save one. The simple truth is that the sloppy mouth and the flabby hand rule the destinies of the war from our side, and have done so from the commencement. We are in the hands of the great god of Gab, and the young lives wasted day by day are sacrificed on his altar. What did we build our Navy for, if we did not mean it to take chances? Our naval men are willing, more than willing; they are eager; they would have had that German fleet out of the Kiel canal long ere this, if they had been let alone. I know many of them, and know how they are smarting under the rule of the "paper-legs," and I am often asked how much longer the British people will stand it.

THE DEVILS OF THE DARDANELLES.

War is war, and war is hell; we can't make it anything else; the man who talks of Hague Convention rules in war-time is a dreamer. *Real war has no rules.* Let us now wake up; the German has made all the Hell he knows; let us make it merry Hell for him. What would have happened at the Gallipoli peninsula if the Maoris and Australians had not got there, I do not know; these two peoples make their own rules as they go along in a fight. No one more chivalrous than they if the enemy plays the game, but let him play the Devil, and they find the brimstone to warm him, and they find it in lumps. Their motto is, "As my enemy does to me and my brother, so will I do unto him, and a bit over for luck." It's a nice clean motto for a real fighter—fair to all, flattering to none. At the beginning they did not know the truth; then came a day when a bunch of Australians got cut off; they fought to the last cartridge, and were taken prisoners, and the Turk did to those game, grim lads the unnameable thing, mutilating them as of old I had known them mutilate the Macedonians. It was a horror fashioned in hell, and shaped in shame, and the victims were glad to die. A Maori regiment came across the dying Australians, and there and then swore a great oath never to rest until justice had been done; and a Maori never breaks an oath; all the orders of the Army Council could not make them do so; they had sworn by the old time gods of their people, as a Maori always does when his fighting blood is on the boil. The mutilated men had been their bivouac comrades; they had broken bread together; that was enough. They passed the word to the Australian regiment, naming the shameful thing that had been done, and a growl terrible as a storm ran along the Colonial lines. Men gripped their rifles till the barrels almost bent; faces that had been young and boyish a moment before, set like stone.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

They spoke no word, they made no vow, but ever and anon, as they gazed at the Turkish trenches, where the German officers kept watch, a low, deep, menacing growl broke the stillness. So the Maori and his Australian cousins waited. Day was changing to dusk; an order ran along the quivering lines—the Australians leaned a little more forward on the rifles, where the bayonets were fixed, gleaming dully in the reddish haze of the departing day. The Maoris began to thump the earth with their heels in slow rhythmic measure; balancing on one foot, they hit the earth with the other; faster, faster, ever faster grew the throbbing sound of the old Maori war-march; it had come down to them through a thousand years; it was in their blood, the blood of a warrior breed who know no fear. The Australians, sphinx-like in their stillness, heard the throb of pounding feet, and never stirred; theirs is the white fire that never flickers, never grows cold, never burns out. Sudden and sharp an order ripped along the lines. Maoris and Australians leapt into life as though flung forward by an electric shock; they ran as men run who are matched with death, right on towards the Turkish trenches. Never a sound from the Australian lines, but a yell that rang to heaven from the Maoris, the battle-yell that New Zealand knew when the world was young. Guns spoke to them as they strode over the ground in their splendid pride. Big guns and swift-firers sang the song of death. Rifles ripped the air. Iron and lead made a curtain of death all the way between them and the Turkish trenches, but they went on: the Maori and the Australian never falter in the charge. On to the trenches went all that was left of them, on and *into the trenches.* Then Turkish mutilators and Teuton officer learnt in that grim hour what real war is. They avenged the mutilated men, and sent a shudder through the Sultan's army. He who told me the tale was in the thick of it. "Why aren't you out there, old man?" he asked, and I laughed in my soreness, "Yankees and others can go, but—I'm only a damned Colonial!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

We give below a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week.

"I am in trouble. I have got a summons for 6s. worth of bread. I have a wasting baby," writes the wife of a soldier, with several children. For some reason—probably overwork in the Paymaster's Department—she can get none of the money to which she is entitled. However, we have satisfied the grasping tradesman.

The mother of a man at the Dandanelles, who earned £6 a week while in civil life, had her pay book called in. She consequently cannot get the lad's money from the authorities, and her husband being an invalid, and the house agent having threatened her with eviction, was in desperate straits. She successfully appealed to us.

A fine old boy—who in his younger days was a sergeant in a crack cavalry regiment, retiring with medals and bars and a "very good" parchment—returned to the Army at the commencement of the war, but soon found that a warrant officer "had his knife" in him. A charge was made against him, and he was discharged with ignominy. We investigated the case, and discovered that there was strong presumptive evidence that the plucky old fellow was a victim of spite—one significant fact being that the witnesses in his favour had been removed before his trial. As the wolf had his head well through the man's door, we came to his assistance.

"My son, a Royal Marine, has been invalided home from the Dardanelles. He has been ill since June 16th, and has not received his money from the Admiralty. I do a little work that brings me in 6s. a week, and have just got over six weeks' illness. I am a widow with two young children, and should like to have your advice." This we have, of course, sent to her—with a grant from the Fund.

A widow gave her son to the Service, he allotting her the usual three-and-sixpence a week—to which the State adds a whole shilling. Her rent is 3s. 6d. a week, and her problem is, to live on the shilling left. We trust we have solved it for her for a time.

Another widow, whose son is at the front, also found herself in difficulties. She has only the boy's allotment, was ill and destitute, and owed nine weeks' rent. Vain appeals were made to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, which is supposed to assist such poor people. An application was made to the War Department by some friends; but, unfortunately, nothing could be done there. When the appeal came to us, we acted promptly.

The wife of a soldier out "doing his bit" has several children and expects another. She is in receipt of the full allowance, which is not over-much in her case. Like so many others, she got behind in her payments, including a doctor's bill for a guinea—the illness being kept back from her soldier-husband for his peace of mind. She feared that the doctor would not attend her in her rapidly approaching necessity, unless she paid her debt—so we discharged it.

A good man and true, who heeded the call to the Colours, broke down under the strain of training and was invalided out of the Service. The poor fellow came home to his family, to find that his allowance had been stopped. He had to face the expense of a civil doctor, was behind with his rent, and had no money until he applied to us.

Among the saddest appeals which come to our notice are those of wives of soldiers at the front, with dead children which cannot be buried owing to the expense. Whenever possible we promptly give the necessary help, as we are sure subscribers wish us to do. We should like to know why the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association tell the bereaved that they "have no funds for this purpose." Incivility, impertinent prying, discourtesy, insulting suggestions, and brutal hints seem to be considered the necessary arms of the people who investigate these cases on behalf of official Funds. The following is, unfortunately, a typical case: A father and two sons are doing their duty in khaki. At home are the wife and mother, with four delicate children, a fifth (the baby) having just died. The stricken woman had not sufficient money with which to bury the infant, and as undertakers have to be paid she found it necessary to pawn her own and the children's clothing to help to meet the bill. We trust that the assistance extended by us has helped to alleviate the poor creature's distress.

The widow of an ex-Grenadier Guardsman has been left with four children. When the bugle sounded the "alarm" and "assemble," he threw up a good job, and fell in with his rifle. During his training he caught a chill. Yet he worked on, without complaint, until nature conquered and he had to enter the Millbank Hospital. He longed to see his wife, as he felt that the time was near when he should "lay down arms." Before his wish could be gratified, the end came. The poor widow was left without money until she appealed to us.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

R. J. A. H., £1 14s.; "Fag," 21s.; "Next Door But One," 6d.; "Kitchen Staff, Bishop's Hull Café," 5s.; R. S., 5s.; "Masters and Officers, ss. *Duncrie*," 30s.; J. M., 2s. 6d.; H. V. B., £2; "Hollins Cross," 10s.; E. W. T., 1s.; E. B., 1s. 1d.; J. L., 5 dollars; A. M., 2s.; C. H. G., 5s.; R. S., 2s.; H. T., 5s.; "A Soldier's Sister," 5s.; "A Working Man," 2s. 6d.; W. N. C., 5s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; W. G. (Peckham), 1s.; B. H. W. W., 1s. 6d.; J M. B., £5; W. H. C. (Montana), 1 dollar; G. S., 9s.; R. S. G., 10s.; "Ex Richard," 5s.; W. K. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; F. S., 5s.; J. C. M., 2s.; Mrs. K., 1s.; S. N., 1s. 6d.; H. C., 1s.; "Reader," 1s.; "Anon," 2s.; "Constant Readers," 6s.; R. R., 1s. 4d.; R. A. S., 2s. 7d.; M. A. S., 2s.; R., 5s.; J. H., 6d.; K. M., 1s.; H. G., 6d.; H. W. K., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; G. S. H., 2s. 4d.; "Anon" (Shepherd's Bush), 1s.; A. W. M., 1s.; E. M. E., 1s.; W. P. P., £3 3s.; J. C., 5s.; F. S., 1s.; J. McI., 2s.; W. O., 8s.; R. M., 1s.; R. C., 2s. 6d.; Miss L. S., 1s.; H. I. J., 2s. 6d.; "Agnes," 2s.; "Reunited" (Hull), 5s.; G. B. M., 5s.; C. S., 10s.; "Cook," 10s.; "Jo," 10s.; R N. R., 10s.; A. W. H., 10s.; "Jeannette," 10s.; H. R. B., 10s.; "Bowman," £1.; A. K., 50s.; L. G. P., 5s.; "Well-Wisher," 1s.; Miss E. W., 2s.; C. Z. and S. S., 1s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; Pte. G. E., 1s. 6d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Crew of s.s. *Hercules*," 16s.; "Scotstounhill," 2s. 6d.; M. I. B., 1s.; D. M., £1 1s.; T. F., 2s.; "Firing Party, H.M.S. *Illustrious*," 16s. 9d.; O. M., 1s.; H. L. B., £1; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; A. M., 2s.

Mr. J. E. Coombs, the winner of the first prize in our 150th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £3 3s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our Fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Hume, "Dalby Tavern," Dalby Street, Kentish Town, 2s. 8d.; Mr. H. Selinger, 51, Milton Street, 7s. 10d.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 2s. 10½d.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. A. Davis, Caprera Athletic Club, 14, James Street, 8s.

Your duty is clearly defined on page ii of cover.